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IN THIS ISSUE

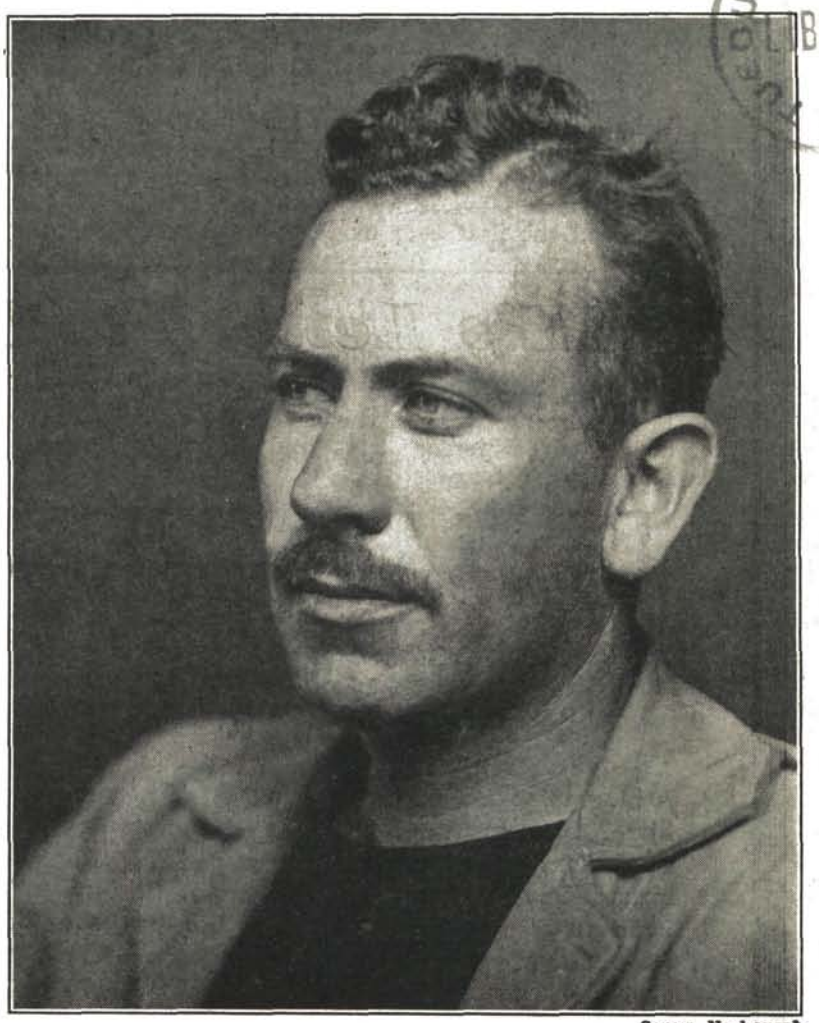
LEON TROTSKY
The Betrayal of Russian Culture

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "Something of Myself" by Rudyard Kipling and "Of Mice and Men" by John Steinbeck

KENNETH B. MURDOCK
Reviews "Paradise" by Esther Forbes

GEORGE DANGERFIELD
Reviews "The East Wind" by Compton MacKenzie

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Reviews "I Visit the Soviets" by E. M. Delafield



Sonya Noskourak

JOHN STEINBECK

"If you can create a character . . . and if you can make that character make its own story, you are closer to the job of fiction than most writers come in our time" . . .

(See page 7)

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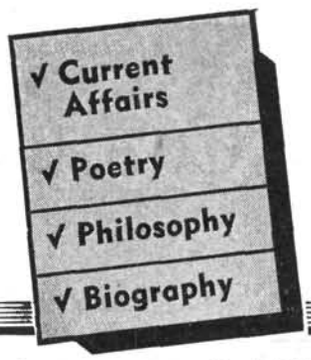

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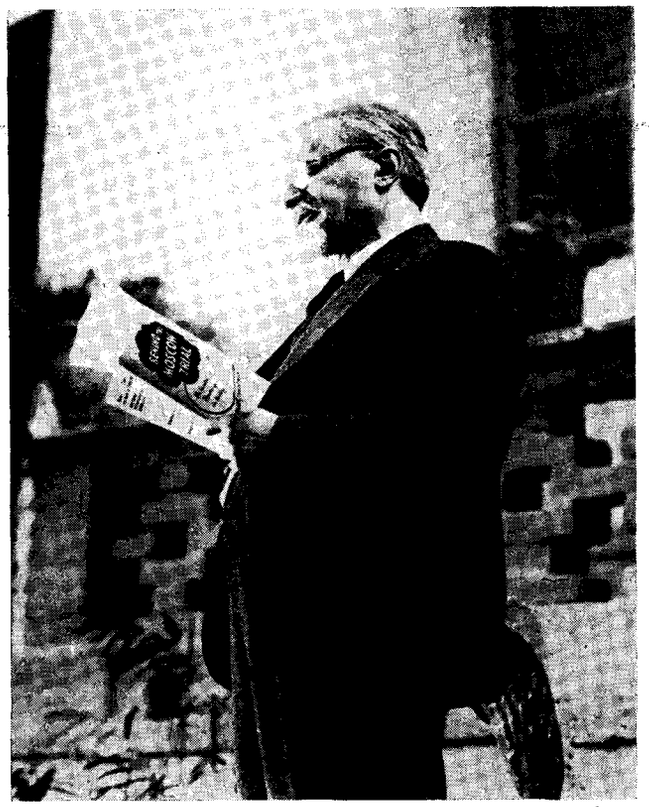
The Betrayal of Russian Culture

BY LEON TROTSKY

THE "making over of men" of which they talk so much in the Soviet press is truly in full swing. But to what degree is this a socialist making over? The Russian people never knew in the past either a great religious reformation like the Germans, or a great bourgeois revolution like the French. Out of these two furnaces, if we leave aside the reformation-revolution of the British Islanders in the seventeenth century, came bourgeois individuality, a very important step in the development of human personality in general. The Russian revolutions of 1905 and 1917 necessarily meant the first awakening of individuality in the masses, its crystallization out of the primitive medium. That is to say, they fulfilled, in abridged form and accelerated tempo, the educational work of the bourgeois reformations and revolutions of the West. Long before this work was finished, however, even in the rough, the Russian revolution, which had broken out in the twilight of capitalism, was compelled by the course of the class struggle to leap over the road of socialism. The contradictions in the sphere of Soviet culture only reflect and refract the economic and social contradictions which grew out of this leap. The awakening of personality under these circumstances necessarily assumes a more or less petty bourgeois character, not only in economics, but also in family life and lyric poetry. The bureaucracy itself has become the carrier of the most extreme, and sometimes unbridled, bourgeois individualism. Permitting and encouraging the development of economic individualism (piecework, private land allotments, premiums, decorations), it at the same time ruthlessly suppresses the progressive side of individualism in the realm of spiritual culture (critical views, the development of one's own opinion, the cultivation of personal dignity).



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TROTSKY ON ARRIVAL IN MEXICO CITY

The more considerable the level of development of a given national group, or the higher the sphere of its cultural creation, or, again, the more closely it grapples with the problems of society and personality, the more heavy and intolerable becomes the pressure of the bureaucracy. There can be in reality no talk of uniqueness of national culture when one and the same conductor's baton, or rather one and the same police club, undertakes to regulate all the intellectual activities of all the peoples of the Soviet Union. The Ukrainian, White Russian, Georgian, or Turk newspapers and books are only translations of the bureaucratic imperative into the language of the corresponding nationality. Under the name of models of popular creativeness, the Moscow press daily publishes in Russian translation odes by the prize poets of the different nationalities in honor of the leaders, miserable verses in reality which differ only in the degree of their servility and want of talent.

The Great Russian culture, which has suffered from the regime of the guardhouse no less than the others, lives chiefly at the expense of the older generation formed before the revolution. The youth are suppressed as though with an iron plank. It is a question, therefore, not of the oppression of one nationality over another in the proper sense of the word, but of oppression by the centralized police apparatus over the cultural development of all the nations, starting with the Great Russian. We cannot, however, ignore the fact that 90 per cent of the publications of the Soviet Union are printed in the Russian language. If this percentage is, to be sure, in flagrant contradiction with the relative number of the Great Russian population, still it perhaps the better corresponds to the general influence of Russian culture, both in its independent weight and its role as mediator between the backward peoples of the country and the West. But with all that, does not the excessively high percentage of Great Russians in the publishing houses (and not only there, of course) mean an actual autocratic privilege of the Great Russians at the expense of the other nationalities of the Union? It is quite possible. To this vastly important question it is impossible to answer as categorically as one would wish, for in life it is decided not so much by collaboration, rivalry, and mutual fertilizations of culture, as by the ultimate arbitrament of the bureaucracy. And since the Kremlin is the residence of the authorities, and the outlying territories are compelled to keep step with the center, bureaucratism inevitably takes the color of an autocratic Russification, leaving to the other nationalities the sole indubitable cultural right of celebrating the arbiter in their own language.

The official doctrine of culture changes in dependence upon economic zigzags and administrative expediencies. But with all its changes, it retains one trait —that of being absolutely categorical. Simultaneously with the theory of "socialism in one country," the previously

Next Week

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR
By BLANCHE DUGDALE
Reviewed by Raymond J. Sontag

THEATRE
By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

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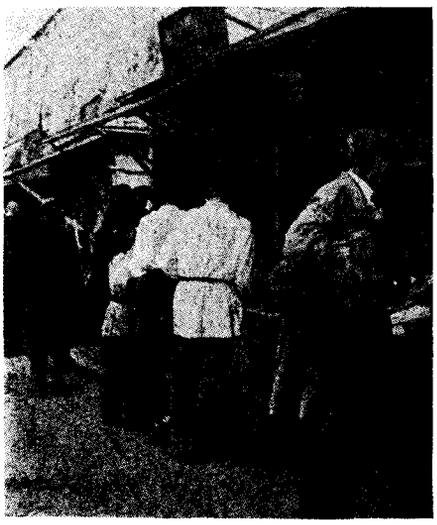
frowned-on theory of "proletarian culture" received official recognition. The opponents of this theory pointed out that the regime of proletarian dictatorship has a strictly transitional character, that in distinction from the bourgeoisie the proletariat does not intend to dominate throughout a series of historical epochs, that the task of the present generation of the new ruling class reduces itself primarily to an assimilation of all that is valuable in bourgeois culture, that the longer the proletariat remains a proletariat—that is, bears the traces of its former oppression—the less is it capable of rising above the historic heritage of the past, and that the possibilities of new creation will really open themselves only to the extent that the proletariat dissolves itself in a socialist society. All this means, in other words, that the bourgeois culture should be replaced by a socialist, not a proletarian, culture.

In a polemic against the theory of a "proletarian art" produced by laboratory methods, the author of these lines wrote: "Culture feeds upon the juices of industry, and a material excess is necessary in order that culture should grow, refine, and complicate itself." Even the most successful solution of elementary economic problems "would far from signify as yet a complete victory of the new historic principle of socialism. Only a forward movement of scientific thought on an all-national basis and the development of a new art would mean that the historic kernel had produced a blossom as well as a stalk. In this sense the development of art is the highest test of the viability and significance of every epoch." This point of view, which had prevailed up to that moment, was in an official declaration suddenly proclaimed to be "capitulatory," and dictated by a "disbelief" in the creative powers of the proletariat. There opened the period of Stalin and Bukharin, the latter of whom had long before appeared as an evangel of "proletarian culture," and the former never given a thought to these questions. They both considered, in any case, that the movement toward socialism would develop with a "tortoise stride," and that the proletariat would have at its disposal decades for the creation of its own culture. As to the character of this culture, the ideas of these theoreticians were as vague as they were uninspiring.

The stormy years of the first five-year plan upset the tortoise perspective. In 1931, on the eve of a dreadful famine, the country had already "entered into socialism." Thus, before the officially patronized writers, artists, and painters had managed to create a proletarian culture, or even the first significant models of it, the government announced that the proletariat had dissolved in the classless society. It remained for the artists to reconcile themselves with the fact that the proletariat did not possess the most necessary condition for the creation of a proletarian culture: time. Yesterday's conceptions were immediately abandoned to oblivion. "Socialist culture" was placed instantly upon the order of the day. We have already in part become acquainted with its content.

Spiritual creativeness demands freedom. The very purpose of communism is to subject nature to technique and technique to plan, and compel the raw material to give unstintingly everything to man that he needs. Far more than that, its highest goal is to free finally and once for all the creative forces of mankind from all pressure, limitation, and humiliating dependence. Personal relations, science, and art will not know any externally imposed "plan," nor even any



RUSSIAN BOOKSTALLS
From "I Photograph Russia" by James Abbé (McBride).

shadow of compulsion. To what degree spiritual creativeness shall be individual or collective will depend entirely upon its creators.

A transitional regime is a different thing. The dictatorship reflects the past barbarism and not the future culture. It necessarily lays down severe limitations upon all forms of activity, including spiritual creation. The program of the revolution from the very beginning regarded these limitations as a temporary evil, and assumed the obligation, in proportion as the new regime was consolidated, to remove one after the other all restrictions upon freedom. In any case, and in the hottest years of the civil war, it was clear to the leaders of the revolution that the government could, guided by political considerations, place limitations upon creative freedom, but in no case pretend to the role of commander in the sphere of science, literature, and art. Although he had rather "conservative" personal tastes in art, Lenin remained politically extremely cautious in artistic questions, eagerly confessing his incompetence. The patronizing of all kinds of modernism by Lunacharsky, the People's Commissar of Art and Education, was often embarrassing to Lenin. But he confined himself to ironical remarks in private conversations, and remained remote from the idea of converting his literary tastes into law. In 1924, on the threshold of the new period, the author of this book thus formulated the relation of the state to the various artistic groups and tendencies: "while holding over them all the categorical criterion, *for* the revolution or *against* the revolution, to give them complete freedom in the sphere of artistic self-determination."

While the dictatorship had a seething mass-basis and a prospect of world revolution, it had no fear of experiments, searchings, the struggle of schools, for it understood that only in this way could a new cultural epoch be prepared. The popular masses were still quivering in every fiber, and were thinking aloud for the first time in a thousand years. All the best youthful forces of art were touched to the quick. During those first years, rich in hope and daring, there were created not only the most complete models of socialist legislation, but also the best productions of revolutionary literature. To the same times belongs, it is worth remarking, the creation of those excellent Soviet films which, in spite of a poverty of technical means, caught the imagination of the whole world with the freshness and vigor of their approach to reality.

In the process of struggle against the party Opposition, the literary schools were strangled one after the other. It was not only a question of literature, either. The process of extermination took place in all ideological spheres, and it took place more decisively since it was more than half unconscious. The present ruling stratum considers itself called not only to control spiritual creation politically, but also to prescribe its roads of development. The method of command-without-appeal extends in like measure to the concentration camps, to scientific agriculture, and to music. The central organ of the party prints anonymous directive editorials, having the character of military orders, in architecture, literature, dramatic art, the ballet, to say nothing of philosophy, natural science, and history.

The bureaucracy superstitiously fears whatever does not serve it directly, as well as whatever it does not understand. When it demands some connection between natural science and production, this is on a large scale right; but when it commands that scientific investigators set themselves goals only of immediate

(*Continued on page 12*)

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The Shaping of a Genius

SOMETHING OF MYSELF, FOR MY FRIENDS, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

AN OLD Kipling hand finds it very difficult to be critical of this book. My guess is that whole chapters of it had been echoing in Kipling's mind for years, waiting for his inspiration, his "Daemon," of which he writes so affectionately, to be ready to sanction the work. My guess is, further, that in 1935, when the book seems to have been written, the Daemon was ready, and that the first half of these reminiscences had not only its blessing but also that infinitely careful revision which the author describes with fascinating detail in the book. The last part, and particularly the South African section, seems not to have received the final touch of craftsmanship. The concluding pages describe the environment in which he loved to work:

> My writing-blocks were built for me to an unchanged pattern of large, off-white, blue sheets, and of which I was most wasteful. . . . With a lead pencil I ceased to express. . . . I took very few notes except of names, dates, and addresses. If a thing didn't stay in my memory, I argued it was hardly worth writing out. . . . I always kept certain gadgets on my work-table, which was ten feet long from North to South and badly congested. [Among them] a paper-weight said to have been Warren Hastings'; a tiny, weighted fur-seal and a leather crocodile sat on some of the papers; an inky foot-rule and a Father of Penwipers.

These pages are surely not the end of the projected book. But what difference does it make? The whole story is here.

Not the story of Rudyard Kipling, man, husband, father, and preacher of a hearty imperialism. No word here of his difficulties with his brother-in-law, very little of the losses of his dearest by death, still less of the intimate, the introspective, the philosophic which are the stuff of most modern autobiographies. Not at all. This is the autobiography of a writer in the making, of a writer of that *fin-de-siècle* when writing was still regarded as a fine art, with values which were imperfect whatever the content until that content was given the complete articulateness of firm structure, and suggestions, by sound and connotation of words. Even the placement of words on the page he had written was a craft with Kipling.

His childhood with his Indian ayah, continued in misery with a sanctimonious sadist in England, his school days, his return to India as half of the staff of a Punjab newspaper,—properly read it is all the training of a writer. How "The City of the Dreadful Night" set vibrations going in his subconscious, how Bret Harte taught him emphasis, how Horace gave him a sense for words,—this is the continuous thread which runs on through the book. Not only Kipling the writer, but Kipling's best work is all explained here. The young reporter spending his nights at the club in the hot season listening to the shop talk of the men who were running northern India, is the Kipling who wrote the vivid stories of Indian life which surprised the reading world by their specific detail of experiences foreign to the West. "In that club, and elsewhere, I met none except picked men at their definite work—Civilians, Army, Education, Canals, Foresting, Engineering, Irrigation, Railways, Doctors, and Lawyers—samples of each branch and each talking his own shop." Here is the long, slow genesis of "Kim" and the "Jungle Books." Later, when he found at Bateman's a home where the house mood was right, one reads the story of the inevitable making of the Puck books —all of this work where the Daemon was favorable. Indeed although anyone might, I suppose, read this autobiography for its narrative of interesting living from South Africa to Vermont, it would seem that even the unliterary must be most interested in how all this experience was drawn into an imagination that lived to refine and recreate it in words.

KIPLING AND JOHN BULL
Caricature by Max Beerbohm.

His tests for good writing are very interesting. "Did *it* stop, or you?" asked his wise father of "Kim." It stopped of itself. All good books do. But his ideas waited sometimes for years before the Daemon was ready for them. And when they were written, they were only half done. Kipling found that he had to write them "long," and cut afterwards. And the final cutting was done by an almost superstitious rite, with a camel's hair brush dipped in well-ground Indian ink which blacked out "where requisite." The shorter the tale the longer the brushwork. "I have had tales by me for three or five years which shortened themselves almost yearly." Sometimes the story would go dead under his hands, till the Daemon said, " 'Treat it as an illuminated manuscript.' I had ridden off on hard black-and-white decoration, instead of pumicing the whole thing ivory-smooth, and loading it with thick color and gilt."

That some of the brittleness of Kipling's work is explained by this Flaubertian care is not to be doubted;—but also the perfection of his best. His over-emphasis also, which is partly a result of early feeding upon Bret Harte, and early life in a vivid environment, may be due in part to the long labors of an etcher who at last leaves only the most powerful lines. One remembers too, after reading this autobiography, the happy hours at his uncle Burne-Jones's, where William Morris, another great craftsman, was at work. He learned there the respect for perfect detail, which carried too far favors surface at the expense of depth. And I note also a morbid fear of inaccuracy, sprung from youthful casualties with experts who damned him for his errors. This man who put machinery into literature, recreated a Roman Britain, and was tireless in his efforts to get every nuance of the Seven Seas, believed that he was congenitally inaccurate and a generalizer. His efforts to be specific, though often triumphant, nevertheless, put a strain upon his writing which will some day (perhaps it has happened already) crack all but his great books.

I have chosen to criticize "Something of Myself" as a writer's autobiography because, to me, that is its most interesting aspect. But it would be unfair to the book not to say something of its more general chapters. There is a long account of Kipling's experiences in the Boer war, always vivid, often humorous, which has a strange old-world air of war in its infancy. One sees the beginnings of the atrocity story, and more than a premonition of the danger of the unadaptable military mind; but the mood is pre-war, although the writing is much later. It is picturesque but hardly fodder for a generation brought up on hell in the trenches. The narrative dates like many of the ideas Kipling plays up in this volume. Much less dated are his excellent descriptions of life in a Vermont which was already drained of its vitality until only the bones of character were left. Dated, but valuable and charming, are the ad-

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ventures of a newcomer in the club and literary and theatrical world of London in the *fin-de-siècle*. And one regrets after reading the chapter on the vacation home in South Africa, that Kipling failed somehow to get the spirit of that extraordinary land into stories such as those others which have given us England and India to keep. There is no place in this volume in which one cannot plunge with profit. Yet, what makes it worthy of the master's hand is certainly the study of the shaping of his imagination—how it came to make "The Jungle Books,"—which after all are more important than the character of Cecil Rhodes, or the London literary life in the days of Henley and Gosse.

Kipling in America

RUDYARD KIPLING IN NEW ENGLAND. By Howard C. Rice. Brattleboro: Stephen Daye Press. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by ELLIOT BALASTIER

SO much has been written of Kipling-in-America that is, to put it mildly, apocryphal, that it is refreshing to discover a biographer whose facts are at least ninety-eight per cent accurate. Mr. Rice has given us a charming sketch and a sympathetic and understanding pen picture of the man himself. Its only serious fault is its brevity. He might have described more fully the Kiplings' first home in Vermont which he mentions only as the Bliss Cottage but which they named "the Crows Nest." It was a bijou affair, this little cottage, but it was here in the tiniest of the rooms that a number of his best stories were written.

Kipling's powers of observation were developed to an almost uncanny degree. He could ride, apparently casually, along a country road, look once at a distant view, or drive through a village street and long afterwards describe them in the most minute detail mentioning little, subtle things that had escaped the attention of one familiar with them for years.

There is one reference made by Mr. Rice that I would like to correct and explain in justice to Rudyard himself. That is the quarrel that led to so much trouble. In the first place it was not a "boundary dispute" but the simple working of that small town curse, the village gossip, and a hot headed young man who believed that certain absurd remarks had been made, and resented them with warm words. He should have realized the folly of it, and did as soon as he cooled off, and it would have ended there but for Kipling's unfamiliarity with American legal procedure. No one was more dismayed at what he had started than Rudyard, but the harm had been done, the undammable flood of publicity—his pet abomination—released and—well, it was too bad. There isn't much more to be said at this date.

Elliot Balastier was a connection by marriage of Kipling.

Flesh and Blood Puritans

PARADISE. By Esther Forbes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH B. MURDOCK

MISS FORBES'S book cracks the moulds in which too many historical novels of early New England have been cast. She has written the story of a seventeenth-century Massachusetts Bay family with the emphasis on flesh and blood, not on an artificially contrived system; on drinking, eating, breeding, not on pious meditation; and on the dramatic struggle of white man and Indian, ending bitterly in war, not on the tamer operations of religious zealots. Boston, the growing mercantile town, with its sailors, shops, congregations, and its aping of London, is contrasted with Canaan where the Parre's house *Paradise* is the center for farmers, woodsmen, cattle breeders, hunters, and a vigorous group of the frontier bred who look toward the wilderness rather than back to the wharves.

To be sure there are ghosts of the old lay figures in the minister whose soul wars with his body, in the little girl tormented ostensibly by conviction of sin, and there is certainly in Bathsheba a strong hint of the familiar "exotic" woman so useful in Puritan romances. But even these do not degenerate into the puppets of convention. Each of them has some color of individuality, and they share in a God's plenty of action, against a vivid setting. Bright clothes, good food, gallons of liquor, the beauty of the new country, Fenton Parre's stallion, amorous kitchen wenches, a sensual but close-lipped master of *Paradise*, good Indians and bad, seduction, marriage, adultery, childbirth, death, weaving, soap-making, sickness, torture, jealousy, pride, charity, bravery, and cowardice—these revitalize a scene too often presented in terms real only to those fed solely on textbooks.

Perhaps it is inevitable that where action is to the fore, characters lose in depth, but no one of the actors in "Paradise" is quite completely drawn. Bathsheba, for example, physically lovely and frankly seductive, never able to give herself wholly, married to one brother and the mistress of another without ever being really a lover for either, seems at any moment likely to become a rounded and defined character, but cheats the reader by going mad. Forethought Fearing veers from carnality to holiness, from true Christianity to austere Puritanism, from otherworldliness to lustful jealousy, but his conflicts are unresolved, his character is never quite analyzed, and his heroic death fighting the Indians fits the needs of the plot rather than anything hitherto revealed in his personality. But the characters are fully enough drawn to make the action realizable, and far more fully drawn than the early New Englanders of most novels.

Possibly a severely scholarly historian might find details in which Miss Forbes errs, but apparently she has taken pains to build her action and setting on a careful study of Puritan life and the events of colonial history. Here and there she falls into the trap that yawns for the historical novelist and makes her characters talk a bastard tongue, neither of the seventeenth century nor of the twentieth. Her insistence on the phrase "Selected Men" for "selectmen," however accurate it may be, smacks of pedantic antiquarianism. What really matters, however, is that for the most part she writes of New England three centuries ago as though its men and women had passions as well as fears, positive impulses as well as repressions, as though they delighted in color, sound, sunshine, space, and the verities of flesh and the soil. Only the credulous

ESTHER FORBES

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can believe that the Massachusetts pioneers common in fiction and the more conventional histories ever existed, but there were pioneers and they were men and women. By realizing this simple truth Miss Forbes has managed to write a good story, and has breathed something of the life of reality into the bare facts of colonial adventurings.

Kenneth B. Murdock, who is a member of the English faculty of Harvard University, is an authority on Massachusetts colonial history.

An Astringent Novel

PIE IN THE SKY. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS new novel by the author of "At Sea" and "About Levy" confirms the impression which those books made of a fresh and interesting talent. Its theme is familiar enough—the portrayal of a cross-section of English life—factory owners, workers, communist agitators, men on the dole, small shopkeepers, their lives touching and interwoven, their aims alike in that all were struggling for happiness, their desires and interests often at odds. But there is a tang to Mr. Calder-Marshall's writing, there is an astringency to his characterization which lend an exciting quality to his story. He is profoundly concerned for his personalities—or perhaps better for the society of which they are the representatives, and compassion and bitterness are both at work in him. His story has the haphazardness of life. Groups of characters whose existences are tangential to one another appear and move on to make place for others. They are loosely bound together through their interest in communism or the factory, which at the top has the Yorkes and at the bottom the discharged Henry who comes to believe in the truth of the cynical I. W. W. hymn:

Work and pray! Live on hay!
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.
It's a Lie!

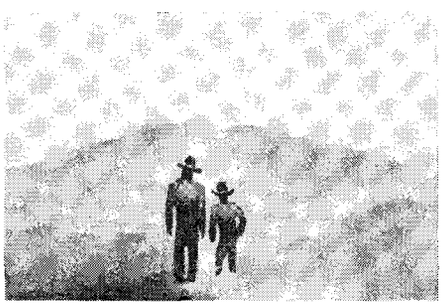
For all that it is a bitter book, "Pie in the Sky" is brisk, entertaining, and racy, with a large gallery of characters, variegated episodes, and a variety of moods. Mr. Calder-Marshall has a sense for character that shows him human nature in its comic aspects as well as its tragic, and a saltiness that lends an uncommon robustness to his personalities. He has insight, and psychological subtlety, and a saving pity that lend power to his book, even in its turbulent or its ludicrous episodes. It has many faults, undue length, occasional lapses into the theatrical, exaggeration at times that verges on the grotesque, triteness in its discussion of radicals, but it has fire and entertaining humor, and a passionate preoccupation with the sufferings of humanity. And it is a poignant story.

Casuals of the Road

OF MICE AND MEN. By John Steinbeck. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. STEINBECK has given us "In Dubious Battle," a proletarian novel about the rights of laboring men, which did not please the party workers because there was as much sentiment as ideology in it. He has given us "Tortilla Flat," a loose-hung story of California Mexicans as irresponsible as children, which did not please the serious-minded because the characters found liquorous wastefulness so perfectly delightful. Now he has written a long short story which should please everybody.



Lennie and George: from the jacket design.

It should please everybody because it has every element of good story-telling, and it must be remembered that most of our successful novels of recent years, with any substance of art to them, have succeeded by violating most of the canons of the storyteller's art in order to emphasize ideology, the stream of consciousness, or behaviorism.

"Of Mice and Men" is the story of a defective. His weakness is soft things, strokable things. Upon them his great fingers sooner or later close. He does "a bad thing," he kills them. But the principle in Lennie is nevertheless the principle of good. And defective though he may be, it is his longing for living things that are lovable and to be taken care of—like rabbits—that makes articulate the longing of all the rough hands at the ranch for something of their own, land, a house, animals, perhaps a wife—something different from their wandering from lousy bunks to gilt saloons, getting nowhere, owning nothing. George, Lennie's friend, who has got him out of danger before, and Crooks, the nigger hostler, and Candy, the broken-down swamper, and even Slim, who is the just and capable man in the story, all feel it. And slowly the plan develops. "Everybody wants a little bit of land, not much. Jus' som'thin' that was his."

This is the principle of good, even in the moron, Lennie. The principle of evil is, obscurely, in the conditions of life that keep these men bummers and vagabonds. But it focuses in the boss's vicious son Curley, the ex-prizefighter, and in Curley's wife, a poor little prostitute infected by egoism because some one once told her she could go into the pictures, and held here among these men by Curley, where all she can do is to wander about like some venereal germ looking salaciously for a victim. And she finds Lennie, trying not to do a bad thing.

The story is as simple as that, but superb in its understatements, its realisms which are used, not to illustrate behavior, but for character and situation. Indeed, there has been nothing quite so good of the kind in American writing since Sherwood Anderson's early stories. It is a limited kind, but close to the heart of the whole fiction business. If you can create a character—a fresh character, belonging to his soil and shaped by a fresh set of experiences; and if (choosing sentiment rather than the other offgivings of human nature—and sentiment is quite as real as its opposite), and if you can make that character make its own story, you are closer to the job of fiction than most writers come in our time.

I question the extravagant claims for style in the jacket blurbs of this book. The excellence of Mr. Steinbeck's book is precisely that it does not make you think of style or of "soaring beauty." Its style is right for its subject matter, and that subject matter is deeply felt, richly conceived, and perfectly ordered. That is praise enough for a book.

Lines Inscribed in a Recent Anthology of Modern Verse

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

IF this be modern song, then give me none.
I'd rather sit upon a coral-stone
And hear emergent from their quiet cells
The echoing eloquence of the sea-shells.

The sea-shell's roar is not the ocean's roar:
It is the listener's beating blood, no more;
Its secret is no pass to any door;
Yet it recalls the sea, and the sea-shore.

A poem is a shell—a nacreous cup
Out of the deeps of mortal life cast up;
It whispers with a ghostly clarity
Some faint and dear reminder of its sea.

But when it speaks, in whatsoever tone,
If it but matters to itself alone,
We toss it back to deeps whence it was thrown
And deem it dead as any other stone.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The First WPA Guide

THE state and local guide books which the Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration has been preparing are the largest-scale experiment in literary coöperation ever made in the United States. Such an experiment raises important critical and social questions, some of which will be discussed here at a later date, but there is no question about the importance of the guides themselves. The lack of good American guides has been a serious defect in our culture; there could have been no more valuable undertaking for the Writers' Project, and all of us have a direct interest in its success. The publication of the first state project, "Idaho: A Guide in Word and Picture," is therefore momentous, since inevitably the first will be judged as typical of the whole enterprise. In the main this first volume succeeds overwhelmingly, far better than we had any right to ask or reason to expect. Nevertheless because it is the first, certain objections, trifling by themselves, must be recorded in the hope that they may be taken into account as succeeding volumes are prepared for the press.

The Idaho project has been under the direction of Mr. Vardis Fisher, who has headed a staff of eighteen persons, including file clerks and stenographers. It is a small staff but Idaho, though it presents obvious difficulties as one of the largest and most diversified states, calls for no such division of labor as a state of longer history and denser population. Since all state guides must be published under the sponsorship of a public agency, this one was copyrighted by the Secretary of State of Idaho and manufactured under contract by the Caxton Printers. The library edition which is at hand sells for three dollars and is a handsome, fully illustrated royal octavo of 431 pages. A tourist edition to sell at half the price of this one will be issued before summer.

The book is about evenly divided between detailed "tours" and generalized descriptive and analytical information. So far as one can tell at this distance the tours are handled irreproachably. They are clear and specific, compactly written, packed with necessary information, and arranged to be of immediate service to the person who consults them. They have been well edited and only an occasional burst of adjectival ecstasy has come through the screen. Sometimes a side-trip gets out of hand and leaves the reader separated from the map and forced to do some back-trailing before he can get his bearings. But there is no way of preventing such gaps except by making the book twice as long; within the limits of the possible, the staff has done wonders. A more serious fault is the insufficiency of the index. A good many places known to this reviewer, and probably many more unknown to him, cannot be found by index though they are adequately treated in the text. This is a serious matter since it frustrates the user of the book in the first instance. The index of any guide book will be used oftener than any other part and should be both complete and thoroughly supplied with cross references. All later guides should be indexed in such a way that the tourist may locate at once any locality, road, or item of information he is interested in.

A related defect should also be repaired, the lack of identifying notes or parentheses in the historical, geographical, and descriptive chapters. Thus a person who reads in the chapter on history that the first Mormon settlement was named after a character in "The Book of Mormon" should be told what the settlement was (Lemhi, for Limhi), where it was (Lemhi County), and when it was founded (1855). Similarly, in the other chapters identification by county at least should be made in the immediate text whenever an important locality, product, or event is alluded to. Constant annotation of this sort would disfigure the text, certainly, but a purely literary consideration should not be allowed to impair the usefulness of what is after all a guide book. A master-map of the state should also be included. The individual maps are excellent but there should be a composite one showing the mountains and rivers, the counties and towns, and the principal roads on the same plate.

The nine preliminary chapters, which make up nearly half the book, vary in quality. The least satisfactory one is the first, "An Essay in Idaho History." If such a chapter is to be included in all state guides, it would be wise to supplement it with one more directly useful to the tourist. The chapter is generalized and interpretative, whereas the user of the book will want his history specific and factual. Five cents' worth of chronology giving the dates and locations of exploration, settlement, and important events would be more valuable to him than five dollars' worth of Mr. Fisher's classroom lecture. The fact that he nowhere gets such information in consecutive form and gets only part of it piecemeal in the tours is the most serious defect of the book. A historical outline which gives dates, places, and figures should be included in every later guide. An interpretative chapter is certainly desirable, but it could easily be better than this one. One doubts that tourists are so simple-minded as Mr. Fisher seems to believe—they hardly need to be told at this late date that the pioneers were not supermen or that the Indians were much sinned against. But even if they come upon such information with surprise, they are likely to resent the curiously adolescent irony in which Mr. Fisher chooses to phrase his remarks. Mr. Fisher does not wear his irony with assurance and his epigrams frequently end as wisecracks that have lost a stud.

The two chapters on the Indians are excellent, those on flora, fauna, and hunting and fishing are comprehensive and to the point, the one called "Emerging from the Frontier" is a social analysis very useful to the tourist and quite free of the naiveté that mars the essay on history. "Idaho from the Air," a geographical and climatic survey, cannot be too highly praised; it is a triumph of intelligent compilation. "Resources and Products," which supplements it, also approaches the ideal. These two chapters contain information of first importance to the tourist, the information he most wants—what the country is like, what it produces, what its principal interests are, and how people live there. They are handled magnificently, and the only suggestion one could make for later guides would be to extend them still farther, up to the limits of publication.

The photographs are an indispensable supplement to the text, usually excellent, frequently superb. Some of them suffer from the paper on which they are reproduced, but more expensive paper is clearly undesirable in a guide book. Certain others seem futile in this context: overcorrected negatives which bring out cloud forms by showing the sky black, the evergreens white, and the colors of cliffs and peaks violently out of scale. They are photographic stunts which misrepresent the country to the tourist.

Nevertheless, the sum of complaints is wonderfully small. Here is a volume of great interest to the casual reader and great serviceability to the tourist for whom it is intended. Whatever the difficulties caused by the extemporized and necessarily haphazard method of producing the guide, working with an untrained personnel, without precedent and handicapped by constantly changing regulations, the final result is an almost unalloyed triumph. Fifty-odd volumes of the national guide, if they are up to this standard, will not only vindicate the Writers' Project but will heighten our national self-consciousness, preserve invaluable antiquarian material that might have perished, and facilitate our knowledge of ourselves.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Present Status of Psychoanalysis*

In Defense of Psychoanalysis

SIR:—I wish to call your attention to a book review which appeared in the February 6th issue of the *Saturday Review* under the heading, "Psychology"—"Keeping Your Child Normal," by Bernard Sachs, and signed F. P., M.D.

This review contains a statement which does not correspond to well known facts and an argument which necessarily must impress every halfway erudite reader as narrow-minded and provincial.

(1) The statement to which I refer as not corresponding to well known facts is: "The so-called 'new psychology' is not a science but a cult, a dangerous cult, *with scarcely any following outside of the United States,* where new religions take root and ramify with too great prodigality."

The facts are that the International Psychoanalytic Association has branch societies, outside of the United States, in the following countries: Great Britain, Germany, India, Hungary, France, Japan, Austria, Italy, Netherlands, U.S.S.R., Switzerland, Palestine, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The American membership of the International Psychoanalytic Association constitutes only 25 per cent of the total membership. Therefore the statement that psychoanalysis has mainly followers in America does not correspond to the facts.

(2) The argument to which I refer as narrow-minded and provincial reads: "If these Freudian ideas were true and a real addition to scientific psychology they would have been accepted universally by the medical profession and psychiatrists and neurologists in particular."

Even if it were true that psychoanalysis —this comparatively new theory and method in medical science—were not accepted by psychiatrists and neurologists, this could not be used as an intelligent argument for its discredit, since fundamentally new ideas in science in general and in medicine in particular have been rejected as a rule by contemporary authorities. The fight for the cosmological concepts of Copernicus and for the anatomical study (dissection) of the human body lasted for centuries. The acceptance of the theory of evolution in biology lasted several decades and as late as 1925 in America there was the Dayton trial, in Tennessee, about the same issue. Harvey's discovery of the physiological functioning of the heart and the circulatory system was violently rejected by contemporary authorities; Pasteur's and Koch's discoveries in bacteriology were still ridiculed in this country in the eighties by leading medical authorities twenty years after their publication, and considered a kind of scientific mythology. The rejection of new scientific developments by contemporary authorities is the rule, a most common phenomenon in cultural history.

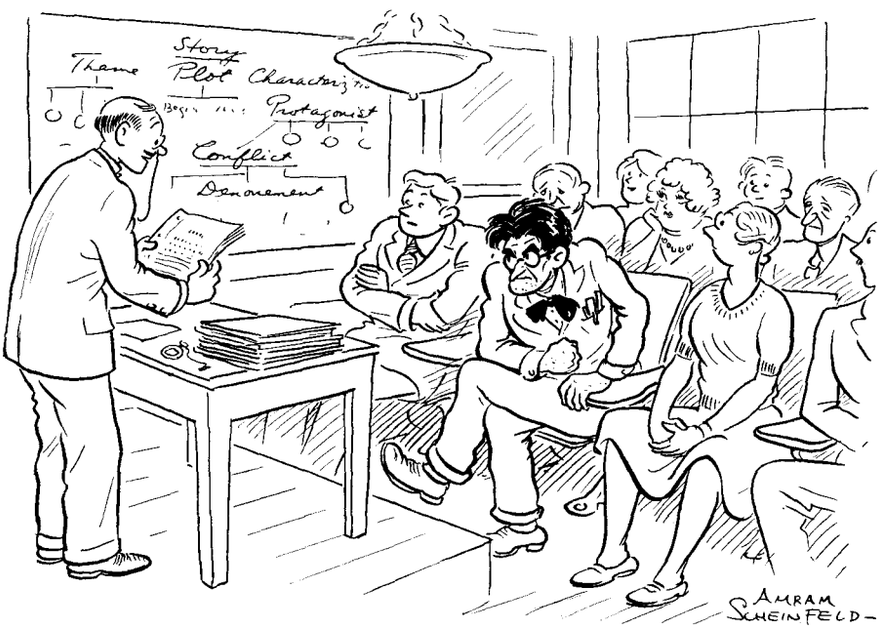
Apart from this, the sweeping statement of the reviewer does not correspond to the facts because more recently leading psychiatric authorities of this country have expressed by their writings and acts their acceptance of the fundamental principles of psychoanalysis. William A. White, Director of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, officially one of the most recognized psychiatrists in this country, is editor of a psychoanalytic review, member of a psychoanalytic society, and member of a board of the Psychoanalytic Institute of Chicago. The lately deceased Albert Barrett, Professor of Psychiatry of one of our leading universities, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, was an active member in advisory capacity of the Chicago Psychoanalytic Institute.

The most highly recognized mental hospitals and sanatoria of this country are using the psychoanalytic method and encourage their staff members to be trained in psychoanalytic technique and theory. Such institutions are the Westchester Division of the New York Hospital, White Plains, N.Y.; Sheppard Pratt Hospital, in Towson, Md.; McLean Hospital, Belmont, Mass.; and Glueck Sanatorium in Ossining, N.Y., the Psychiatric Division of the University of Chicago, and the Psychiatric Department of the Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago. The Menninger Sanatorium in Topeka (one of the most progressive institutions of this kind in the country) even makes a rule of requiring of a great number of their staff members a most thorough training in psychoanalysis.

I am writing you this letter to inform you of facts which are simply disregarded by your reviewer and also to call your attention to the use of an argument which will provoke every reader with some historical background.

Assuming that you may, in the interest of the reputation of your so distinguished journal, consider correcting some of these statements, I submit this letter *in toto* for your disposal. I am also sending you this letter because I feel that you should have the first opportunity to correct incorrect statements and the obviously poor arguments which have appeared in a review in your journal.

FRANZ ALEXANDER,
Director of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis
Chicago, Ill.



"THE FIRST STORY BY OUR GROUP DEALS WITH THE CLASS STRUGGLE—AS USUAL, I WILL KEEP THE WRITER ANONYMOUS."

Pushkin

SIR:—Please accept a valentine, though it is late.

Of all the reviews, good and indifferent, that have recently appeared on Pushkin—as the author of a small book on Pushkin's lyrics I have read them all —the one by Manya Gordon in the Feb. 13th number of the *S. R. L.* is, I think, the best by long odds. Besides being well written, it makes the reader understand why Pushkin was a unique personality belonging to all classes of society as well as a great poet.

The review of Simmons's book "Pushkin," by William Lyon Phelps, was a gem.

MARY GRAY.
Hartford, Conn.

SIR:—Pushkin had great enemies in his day among the official classes and the journalists dependent upon them for favors. One spiteful enemy let it be known that Czar Peter the Great purchased Hannibal, the Abyssinian princeling and maternal great-grandfather of the poet, for a bottle of rum. This story has been repeated in many quarters. But your journal has improved upon the story, and turned the rum into good democratic "two glasses of beer."

EUGENE M. KAYDEN.
Sewanee, Tenn.

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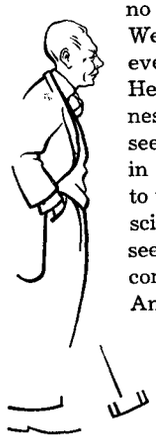
Symbols of War

THE CROQUET PLAYER. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $1.25.

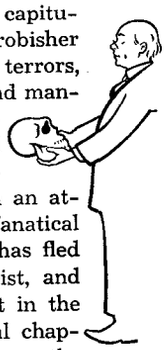
Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

A FANTASY may or may not have a definite meaning. In general, those which are the most deeply imaginative are also the most indefinite; every reader of "The Turn of the Screw," for instance, or of Mr. Wells's own "Time Machine," can give it a different interpretation, or can take it for its own sake with no interpretation at all. Mr. Wells's new fantasy, however, is explicitly allegorical. He sees the powers of darkness walking the earth; he sees primitive man rising up in the modern unconscious to threaten the civilized, conscious area of the mind; he sees the inevitable next war coming closer and closer. And he has symbolized his fears in this short novel.



Drawings from "The Croquet Player."

"The Croquet Player" is a story within a story. At a resort on the Norman coast, an ordinary, ineffectual young man named George Frobisher, whose only distinction is in being a good croquet player, becomes an unwilling listener to a fantastic tale of horror related by Dr. Finchatton, who is undergoing a psychiatric cure for his shattered nerves. This Dr. Finchatton has had to leave his practice in Cainsmarsh, where the inscrutable force of evil seems to rise like an emanation from the fens to possess the inhabitants with sadistic madness. He has fought against this force, tried first to ignore it as a figment of his imagination, later to find a scientific explanation for it, and ended by capitulating to it. He tells Frobisher this story of mounting terrors, beginning with a dog found mangled by the roadside, continuing through hints and signs of unnamed depravities, concluding with an attempted murder by the fanatical rector of the parish. He has fled first to a local archeologist, and at last to the psychiatrist in the French resort. In the final chapter the psychiatrist forces on the still unwilling croquet player the explanation of what was already implicit in Finchatton's story.



Mr. Wells's technique is the accepted one of horror stories—to enhance the horror by telling it through the medium of a perfectly normal narrator. But while it is interesting and skillfully told, it fails to make your flesh creep. Nor has it the compelling ingenuity of such earlier fantasies as "The Time Machine." The author knows too definitely what he means; he could as easily have said it another way—in fact, he often has; and the result is a fantasy not written for itself, but superimposed upon an idea. Unnamed evil is always more terrifying than specific evil, even more terrifying than so catastrophic a specific evil as the next war, and our universal plunge, when that war comes, into unconscious barbarism.

A Miniature Epic

EL INDIO. By Gregorio López y Fuentes. Illustrations by Diego Rivera. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by ISAAC GOLDBERG

THE quality of this literary importation—the first to receive the National Prize of Literature in Mexico—is perhaps best suggested by the striking quality of the illustrations by Rivera. With a clear, firm line the artist achieves, within the dimensions of a page, and without the suggestion of crowding or confusion, the content of a mural. This, precisely, is what the author of this highly original document has accomplished in his sure, plastic prose.

Whether "El Indio" may properly be called a novel is beside the question; as a matter of definition it is rather a miniature epic. A proud Indian youth is crippled by the cupidity of the white man, equally lustful for gold and for women. The compatriot who discovers him mutilated at the bottom of a gully wins away his sweetheart. A war of sorcerers is waged when the father of the cripple seeks vengeance upon the successful rival. The actors in this drama meet their various deaths by animal ferocity, pestilence, or the rigors of the elements; only the cripple survives. This plot, however, is but the nucleus for the evocation of a conquered race, and the nostalgia that it portrays gives way at last to the promises of education and economic justice.

By this same token a certain unobtrusive allegory inheres in the tale. No person is named; it is as if the identity of the characters, important as they are to themselves and to one another, is merged into the history and the fate of the collectivity. This adds to the fresco effect.

The author is a newspaper man in Mexico City and has written other novels. "El Indio" is superior to Azuela's "Underdogs" and to Guzman's "The Eagle and the Serpent"—the two Mexican novels of recent date best known to English readers—because López y Fuentes has, intuitively, and in generous proportions, both sight and vision. His description of the Indian rite of the "volador," and his account of the huntsman's death at the tusks of the wild peccaries are remarkable for their simple power. From a Hispanic-American culture not at its best in the longer forms of fiction comes now this excellent work that may well be studied by our own writers.

Southwest Pageant

THE SEA OF GRASS. By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $1.25.

MR. RICHTER here falls short of that crystallization of the Southwest which some of us expect from him, but nevertheless writes a fascinating novelette and makes us more than ever confident of something memorable to come. The press is currently misunderstanding the book by comparing it to "A Lost Lady," which it resembles only in length—unless Miss Cather is to be credited with inventing the heroine who strays. Other books of Miss Cather's, however, may be invoked to show precisely wherein Mr. Richter succeeds and fails. He magnificently renders the Southwestern landscape, as she did in "The Professor's House," but fails to transcend it as she did in "Death Comes for the Archbishop."

As in his short stories, Mr. Richter is here swamped in pageantry. It is a pageantry, furthermore, that is almost tapestry: his delight in the enormous backdrop reduces his human figures to formal elements in a design. His rendition of the desert is always faithful, always sensitive and tender, frequently ecstatic. But the Brobdingnagian landscape is likely to make its inhabitants look Lilliputian, and that optical effect is proper only to romantic fiction. Essentially Mr. Richter has so far merely followed his predecessors in that form. He has immensely subtilized and sophisticated the types and themes of the better Western novel, but he has not yet departed from them. The arrogant cattle baron brought down by the pygmy nesters, the Populist lawyer who is a little craven at heart, the lovely and shadowy girl from a gentler country, the hot-tempered youth who gallantly goes deathward with an epigram on his lips—fiction has been doing these types even since it discovered the cattle kingdom. Mr. Richter gives them subtlety, charm, and above all setting; he does not give them much individuality or much relationship to the country.

The realities they conventionally symbolize are still waiting for the perceptions of fiction. The social system which the cattle baron created is the submerged four-fifths which fiction has neglected for the icy grandeurs of the individualist's code; the nesters have been only ominous and picturesque in fiction but may yet be studied in a process of warm and vigorous life. Above all, the frontier wife and mother needs a celebrant. It is to be hoped that Mr. Richter will soon surfeit himself with atmosphere and decoration. If he would bring his sensitiveness, his ardor, his genuine passion to the task of understanding the country for which he has been merely painting panoramas, a frontier long closed to the American novel might be crossed at last.

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Compton MacKenzie Begins a Tetralogy

THE EAST WIND. By Compton MacKenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS is the first novel of an ambitious tetralogy which, under the general title of "The Four Winds of Love," is to cover the last thirty-five years in English history. The general title is scarcely encouraging at first sight. Clearly, the whole "edifice" (so Mr. MacKenzie describes it in his introduction) is to be a romantic, not to say rococo, structure; and if anybody but Mr. MacKenzie were its architect, one might feel justified in regarding its prospects with a certain amount of misgiving. But Mr. MacKenzie is not as other romantics. He has a place in English literature which is almost unique. To understand the last flowering of romance in pre-war England you have only to read his novel "Sinister Street"; the first two volumes of "Georgian Poetry"; and the correspondence of Rupert Brooke. This is not, perhaps, a very important collection of English literature, but it reveals, as nothing else will, one corner of the mind of that generation which died in the war—a corner which, with its intermingling of the exotic and the innocent, might be compared to an expensive hot-house filled with the simplest wild flowers.

"Sinister Street" was not in the first flight of novels. Its style was cloying and over-elaborate, and its best scenes seemed always to need the assistance of moonlight or of dew or of glimmering ecclesiastical candles. But it explored, with amazing skill, the emotions of upper middle class youth in those last years of peace; and though there may be better things to explore, one has to admit that such a feat is a significant one. Mr. MacKenzie is an artist. And nothing, to my mind, proves his artistry more than does this latest novel, "The East Wind," which tells the story of a boy of seventeen in the first year of the twentieth century.

"The East Wind"—so far as its mood goes, and mood is everything with Mr. MacKenzie—is the first part of "Sinister Street" reviewed with the detachment of a twenty years' distance; and since there was nothing detached about "Sinister Street," one might expect "The East Wind" to be little better than a frigid and mannered copy. Who can revive a mood that is twenty years old? Who but Mr. MacKenzie? His novel retains and improves upon all that was best in its original. John Ogilvie differs from his prototype, Michael Fane, not because his young passions are any less immediate, but because he has moved into history, which is a forward move. I do not mean that he is a modern character, in the sense that a novelist of this generation would have conceived him as Mr. MacKenzie; he is simply more rounded, more visible, more securely in his period.

He is definitely a period character, but in his case the years have not condemned. He is a boy of the early twentieth century, passing out of adolescence in an early twentieth century manner—that is, through the imagination of an early twentieth century artist. Everything else is period, too—everything that matters.

Of course, there are some concessions. John Ogilvie questions English imperialism in terms which would have been impossible for a boy in 1901. Some characters have been introduced in order to explain 1901 to 1936. The whole English scene is tidier, to please history. But what really concerns us in the story of John Ogilvie is his emotional life. I do not think it would be fair to Mr. MacKenzie to repeat this story. His is a romantic who has not chosen, or has been unable, to modernize his romanticism. His faults and preoccupations are what they used to be; and his plot—with its mingling elements of the innocent, the humorous, and the bizarre—might sound a little tedious in a bare repetition. Perhaps it is, at times; the boys talk too cleverly and too long: but this does not impair its extraordinary inner freshness, its refusal either to change or to grow old. As to the character and fate of the next three novels, you feel more than a little dubious. But that is in the future. Meanwhile, those who miss reading "The East Wind" will be missing an exceedingly good thing.

Soviet Surfaces

I VISIT THE SOVIETS. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.50

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

HERE is a charming travel book—just that. It is an account of a journey, somewhat such a journey as Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Miss Ophelia" took through Uncle Tom's country a hundred years ago. Miss Delafield has sublimated Miss Ophelia and taken her to visit the Soviets. Nothing Miss Delafield could write would be dull. This book is bright and easy reading for any person over sixteen who knows a little French and has a good sense of humor and a good sense of Dickens. It is exactly the sort of book that would come from a writer not deeply interested in the significance and implications either good or bad of the Soviet system but who is a good candid camera reporter with a delightful, whimsical blemish in one corner of the lens.

The story is dramatized by sketches of various tourist types in Russia and their reactions to the Soviet civilization which are about the same reactions these types of people would reveal to any civilization

"THE TRAM IS INVARIABLY BUNGED TO THE ROOF"—*Drawing by Leo Manso, from "I Visit the Soviets."*

which differed from their own. Mark Twain, in Europe, two generations ago, brought home the same story of the Continent to Americans in his "Tramp Abroad" and "Innocents Abroad." But of course Mark Twain was a humorist and a prince of story tellers. There was no depth to his travel books in those days. He reflected the surface of things. As the British lady who "visits the Soviets" reflects the surface of Russia.

But at the surface the story ends. It never gets to the root of things. Miss Delafield is not interested in the proletarian philosophy. Apparently she was not irked by the tyranny of the proletarian dictatorship, chiefly because it does not touch the tourist as he flits from flower to flower through Russia. Dictators are tolerant of tourists. Some of their best friends are tourists. So, generally speaking, the tyrants let the tourists go hang. Whatever of fear, whatever of anxiety, whatever of trouble lies deeply in the Russian heart and is submerged in curious manifestations of released repression did not interest Miss Delafield. Or if they interested her she preferred not to interest her readers greatly in such matters. Her book, therefore, except as a beautiful example of how to be polite while visiting queer neighbors, is of no great importance. That she has set down the facts accurately, often delightfully, certainly plausibly, no one can deny. But that she has told anything like the truth, the fundamental truth about Russia and what it all means, why it is and what it may come to, no one, probably the least of all Miss Delafield, would maintain. "I Visit the Soviets" is just another of those happy, interesting, snappy stories that Miss Delafield tells so beautifully.

William Allen White, editor of The Emporia Gazette, *made a trip through Russia a few years ago.*

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Betrayal of Russian Culture

(*Continued from page 4*)

practical importance, this threatens to seal up the most precious sources of invention, including practical discoveries, for these most often arise on unforeseen roads. Taught by bitter experience, the natural scientists, mathematicians, philologists, military theoreticians, avoid all broad generalizations out of fear lest some "red professor," usually an ignorant careerist, threateningly pull up on them with some quotation dragged in by the hair from Lenin, or even from Stalin. To defend one's own thought in such circumstances, or one's scientific dignity, means in all probability to bring down repressions upon one's head.

But it is infinitely worse in the sphere of the social sciences. Economists, historians, even statisticians, to say nothing of journalists, are concerned above all things not to fall, even obliquely, into contradiction with the momentary zigzag of the official course. About Soviet economy, or domestic or foreign policy, one cannot write at all except after covering his rear and flanks with banalities from the speeches of the "leader," and having assumed in advance the task of demonstrating that everything is going exactly as it should go and even better. Although this 100 per cent conformism frees one from everyday unpleasantnesses, it entails the heaviest of punishments: sterility.

No less ruinous is the effect of the "totalitarian" regime upon artistic literature. The struggle of tendencies and schools has been replaced by interpretation of the will of the leaders. There has been created for all groups a general compulsory organization, a kind of concentration camp of artistic literature. Mediocre but "right-thinking" storytellers like Serafimovich or Gladkov are inaugurated as classics. Gifted writers who cannot do sufficient violence to themselves are pursued by a pack of instructors armed with shamelessness and dozens of quotations. The most eminent artists either commit suicide, or find their material in the remote past, or become silent. Honest and talented books appear as though accidentally, bursting out from somewhere under the counter, and have the character of artistic contraband.

The life of Soviet art is a kind of martyrology. After the editorial orders in *Pravda* against "formalism," there began an epidemic of humiliating recantations by writers, artists, stage directors, and even opera singers. One after another, they renounced their own past sins, refraining, however—in case of further emergencies—from any clear-cut definition of the nature of this "formalism." In the long run, the authorities were compelled by a new order to put an end to a too copious flow of recantations. Literary estimates are transformed within a few weeks, textbooks made over, streets renamed, statutes brought forward, as a result of a few eulogistic remarks of Stalin about the poet Maiakovsky. The impressions made by the new opera upon high-up auditors are immediately converted into a musical directive for composers. The Secretary of the Communist Youth said at a conference of writers: "The suggestions of Comrade Stalin are a law for everybody," and the whole audience applauded, although some doubtless burned with shame. As though to complete the mockery of literature, Stalin, who does not know how to compose a Russian phrase correctly, is declared a classic in the matter of style. There is something deeply tragic in this Byzantinism and police rule, notwithstanding the involuntary comedy of certain of its manifestations.

The official formula reads: Culture should be socialist in content, national in form. As to the content of a socialist culture, however, only certain more or less happy guesses are possible. Nobody can grow that culture upon an inadequate economic foundation. Art is far less capable than science of anticipating the future. In any case, such prescriptions as, "portray the construction of the future," "indicate the road to socialism," "make over mankind," give little more to the creative imagination than does the price list of a hardware store, or a railroad timetable.

The national form of an art is identical with its universal accessibility. "What is not wanted by the people," *Pravda* dictates to the artists, "cannot have esthetic significance." That old Narodnik formula, rejecting the task of artistically educating the masses, takes on a still more reactionary character when the right to decide what art the people want and what they don't want remains in the hands of the bureaucracy. It prints books according to its own choice. It sells them also by compulsion, offering no choice to the reader. In the last analysis the whole affair comes down in its eyes to taking care that art assimilates its interests, and finds such forms for them as will make the bureaucracy attractive to the popular masses.

In vain! No literature can fulfill that task. The leaders themselves are compelled to acknowledge that "neither the first nor the second five-year plan has yet given us a new literary wave which can rise above the first wave born in October." That is very mildly said. In reality, in spite of individual exceptions, the epoch of the Thermidor will go into the history of artistic creation preeminently as an epoch of mediocrities, laureates, and toadies.

The foregoing article is condensed from the chapter "Family, Youth and Culture" in Leon Trotsky's book, "The Revolution Betrayed," soon to be published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. The translation is by Max Eastman.

The Test of Time

FORTY MODERN FABLES. By George Ade. New York: Harper & Bros. 1901. $1.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS TEMPLE

SOME books are doomed to a sort of popular obscurity. They are too much read for the wrong reasons, and too little valued for the right ones. Such a case, for instance, is Tarkington's "Penrod." Everyone has read it, and not one in a hundred sees it for the masterpiece that it is. An even better example is offered by George Ade. It may seem strange to argue that Ade still awaits proper recognition, and yet anyone who has read, reread, and then read again his "Forty Modern Fables" may see what we mean. This book (and to a lesser degree its satellites "Fables in Slang" and "More Fables") holds a unique place in American humor.

The distinction of Ade lies in two points: his insight into human nature (particularly in its American edition), and his gift for photographic phrase. Both qualities inform his "Forty Modern Fables." The ultimate proof of his characters' reality is the frequency with which we meet them in everyday contacts. Who could undertake an "excursion" without encountering the "Monnyhans"; or listen to a 1937 intellectual without hearing the "Wise Piker" of 1901; or see a sugar daddy without recognizing at once the "Skittish Widower Who Tried to Set Himself Back Some Thirty Years"?

As for his phrases, his uncanny genius for verbal caricature, one seeks in vain for his peer, even in the subsequent work of Ade himself. Their impact is irresistible. Go to any other American humorist and see if you can find such skill in such profusion as it occurs in this book. Better yet, try to duplicate Ade's apparent simplicities yourself. You will find the attempt instructive.

It is almost forty years now since Ade swept the country with these fables, and the background against which they rest is musty and dated. Yet this very fact only emphasizes more clearly the genuine freshness of his writing. Though his characters wear out of date clothes, ride in hansom cabs, and talk about Lillian Russell, their foibles and adventures establish them as our contemporaries. Their humanity guarantees their permanence. If anything seems dated, it is the charge that Ade is just another purveyor of slang, cleverer than many, perhaps, but a superficial clown at best. His fables have been with us long enough for us to realize that under their guise of slang, a keen perception and an artist in words is speaking.

Mr. Temple's review is one of a considerable number thus far submitted by our readers for "The Test of Time." Others will be printed at frequent intervals, and further contributions will be welcomed.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Aimless

A LETTER from a high-school teacher says:—

I was reading aimlessly through a book of poetry today when I came upon these lines from Ernest Dowson's *Cynara:*

I have forgot much, Cynara! *gone with the wind,*
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put the pale lost lilies out of mind.

There seems to be little connection in thought. The appeal though seems rather in the same vein. Cynara has that emotional appeal which has been popularly mistaken for poetic quality. The poem, like the novel, creates a certain atmosphere centering around the senses. It is so easy to mistake this excitement for something more.

Did you ever hear from what the title is taken?

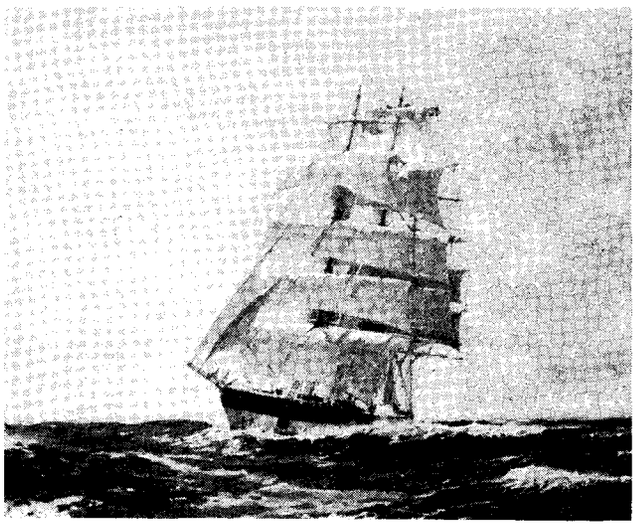
M. S.

Dayton, Ohio.

What delights me most is your reading aimlessly. If only there were more of it. (You can't always tell whether the impulse is as aimless as it seems). Your letter reaches me at a moment when I am ripe for it: this very day I have brought to an end a job that has long occupied me, and which involved a horrific lot of purposeful reading. With natural perversity, how I have hankered for Aimless Reading: simply to plunge into the clear deep of poetry and wallow there; float ("as passive as a participle") or thresh in foamy festoon; to slosh wrists and ankles in whorls of hollow gurgle.

Not by appointment do we meet Delight, said someone (don't ask me who. I've spent the best part of two years in conning other people's quotes; now I'm going to have fun with words of my own). Your letter, Margaret, arrived when I was tired and cross. I was even wondering how I could write anything without betraying my sullen mood.

You see, this particular job I'd been working on involved the patient re-examination of the whole tale of English literature (and particularly poetry) from those singing monks of Ely, and Caedmon bashful in the byre, down to lively children like Nathalia Crane and Cecil Day Lewis and Edward Doro. (I overheard on the radio the other day some allusion to a memorial service for Caedmon, and was greatly surpleased. It turned out to be Rev. S. Parkes Cadman.) There's nothing bashful about the young British poets, by the way: how deliciously Alanbreckish ("Am I no a bonny fighter?") is Mr. Day Lewis abolishing all his predecessors. He writes pieces about *A Hope for Poetry,* and *The Revolution in Literature,* and (you must believe me) *Writers and Morals* . . . . if only poets wouldn't write *about* poetry . . . . yet we all hanker to, in moments of weak solemnity. Isn't it so? I guess (I'm just soliloquizing) that people instinctively prefer to pick up ideas from those who have just got the ideas themselves: it makes the young indignant to suppose that the same thoughts have been current a long while. It's magnificent (now really, isn't it!) to see them being so



SHIP *SUDBOURNE. Painted by J. B. Coggins.*

divinely steamy. I got a thrill out of seeing Lefty Lewis produce with pride his notion "a great deal of propaganda can be got across in verse which otherwise would be suppressed." Because I remember how infinitely excited I also was when I discovered that notion for myself twenty years ago; as has every poet who ever lived.

I'm getting away from my intended purport; never mind. A college child lately was given the choice (for a vacation task) of studying Matthew Arnold or Day Lewis. I put them both in front of her, and humbly tried to suggest that old Uncle Matt was in every respect as "modern" (perhaps more so, if by modern you mean continuously available) as the other; but of course she chose Lewis. And quite right too. It's a law of life that they must get things first from those who talk their own hodiernal accent. It's only much later that they begin to be aware of the old underlying syntax that is always the same. But isn't it grand to see things running True to Form.

When I worry (I don't, really) because the young poets seem occasionally so elderly I reread the Random House jacket-blurbs—for instance that Kenneth Patchen *"scorns the devices of his poetic elders and seeks by experimentation new and more dynamic verse forms"*—and know that everything's all right.

How right you were when you sat down to read Aimlessly. That's where awareness lurks. This job I speak of that has been occupying me has involved a good deal of concurrent speculation on the qualities of permanence in writing. Believe me, they seem oddly accidental. There never was a poet who made more deliberate, carefully aimed, purposeful, pachyderm and pedestrian attack upon futurity than the admirable Amy Lowell. She invaded Poetry like Hindenburg in France. She was massy with technique, armored with doctrine—but what's happened to her stuff? How much do you remember, and who cares? One heart's cry comes back to me—a cry which in itself is the palinode of almost all she wrote—

Christ what are patterns for?

As Roy Campbell, the sardonic aasvogel of the veldt, once croaked—

They use the snaffle and the curb all right
But where's the bloody horse?

Who was the brilliant modernist of our grandfather's time? George Meredith. Ask Scribners whether it's tough going. Grand stuff, too: try the Odes on French History some time in an unpremeditated hour.

How happily Aimless would be the anthology of poetry I'd like to put together. It would begin *Now,* with what's immediately around us, and move backward in time; passing from the familiar to the strange; climbing upstream from our sandy delta of despair toward the blue highlands of innocence. Maybe Caedmon and the Cuckoo-singer weren't any more innocent or hopeful than ourselves, but at any rate they're a long way away; and one joy of literature is a pilgrimage outside self. When I was in college we used to grumble because our "literature" ended with Matthew Arnold or Swinburne or therabouts. There were no "courses" in contemporary stuff. Nowadays you teachers go to the opposite extreme. The crack literature professors

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get pre-publication copies from the fashionable publishers; Auden, Lewis and Spender have scarcely made up their minds what they want to write before somebody at Poughkeepsie or Ann Arbor is offering a thesis about them.

If my own private experience means anything at all, it takes quite a while to find out what is the poetry that's going to stick to your ribs. You may have noticed what a lot of fun Edith Sitwell (a highly sensitized modernist poet) has had with Pope. That must sound strangely old-fashioned to the younger sort; but I remember not long ago when a group of booksellers in Chicago suddenly decided they simply must spend the evening reading the Little Monster, and their emissary scoured the shops all afternoon questing a copy. Never was a reading party more intuitive and more blest. The perfect word became instant and abode. I don't know why I adduce this except to suggest that the cobweb will always, soon or late, find its fly.

I'm leery of that word Contemporary. I dare say that in our aimless anthology we wouldn't have any dates? The habit has gone very deep in us of rating things by years—but the instant a really fine poem is written it has no date at all.

"The wind passeth over it and it is gone" Psalm 103—do you suppose that's where the title came from?

The teacher best knows (how rarely the publisher or the bookseller) how people love and require verse. It comes from the most ancient festival, born (as Dr. Gummere used to tell us) in "the cadence of consenting feet." It is aimless itself to conscious scrutiny. It is like Hodgson's sea-mirrored moon—

> Confounding her astronomers
> But O, delighting me!

Social Integration

LEADERSHIP IN A FREE SOCIETY. By T. N. Whitehead. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES S. SLOCOMBE

A COMMONLY accepted interpretation of the development of the American continent is that restless pioneers moved West and, settling down in groups, formed frontier communities. But the more restless ones could not adjust to the complexities and problems of even small community organization and they, complaining that life had become humdrum, became restless and moved further West into the open country. We have often wondered what has happened to these restless persons since the country has become settled clear to the Pacific coast, and have thought that perhaps a wave of people who cannot stand a humdrum existence has bounced back from the Pacific coast to affect the life of the nation.

Professor Whitehead would perhaps concur with this idea. His central thesis is that there is a dangerous lack of social integration, and that the reactions of workers against the humdrum, uninteresting, and arid nature of their lives are increasing this condition.

In the first part of his book is a fascinating description of the ways in which a group of girls, when left free to do as they pleased, so long as they did a satisfactory amount of work, filled their lives with happiness even while doing humdrum jobs. One girl unconsciously assumed an unofficial leadership and through the informal conversations and relaxations of rest periods integrated the others into a social group. Even the output of the girls became correlated with each other and especially to that of the leader. Then the management made a change in the working conditions. Immediately there was unhappiness and the whole unconscious and informal social structure was smashed. It started to build up again, with accompanying happiness of the girls, when another change was made. Again the satisfying social grouping that had developed went to pieces. And so it went on, up and down, up and down in work and happiness as repeated changes were made. (We should say that most of these changes were deliberate, as the whole set-up was an experiment.)

Whitehead points out, of course, that the girls were totally unaware and unconscious of their own relations to the other girls, or to the fact that these relations automatically affected their output. These girls were studied over a five-year period. From the results of this and another study he develops what he calls means of social integration. For this purpose he applies the principles derived from the study of these small groups to larger industrial units and to society as a whole. He shows how a modern industrial company is built up of a series of groups or hierarchies of groups like these. He discusses the tremendous resentment which workers feel when their informal associations of this type are smashed by the unthinking, but perfectly logical, actions of management in introducing changes.

On the other hand, he sees an industrial executive under modern, fast changing conditions, as being a man whose job it is to introduce changes which result in breaking up the associations within which workers attempt to develop a sense of social satisfaction, to take the boredom out of their work. The solution to this apparently impossible problem, Professor Whitehead says, lies in industrial executives' understanding and recognizing the informal social structures which their employees instinctively set up and jealously guard.

Professor Whitehead's approach is rather theoretical, and at times difficult to understand. One is constantly in doubt whether he has arrived at some new and important conclusions, or whether he is just dressing up old ideas in newer and longer phrases. When he explains himself by means of practical illustrations, which he often does, the importance of his work is more evident.

From the viewpoint of the reader who is looking for a much needed scientific interpretation of industrial democracy, to see where it is headed, the book, though distinctly stimulating, is not convincing, nor is it likely to have much influence on the thinking of industrial executives, to whom it really should be addressed. But students of sociology and progressive thinkers will find much in it to ponder over and discuss.

Charles S. Slocombe is director of the Personnel Research Federation.

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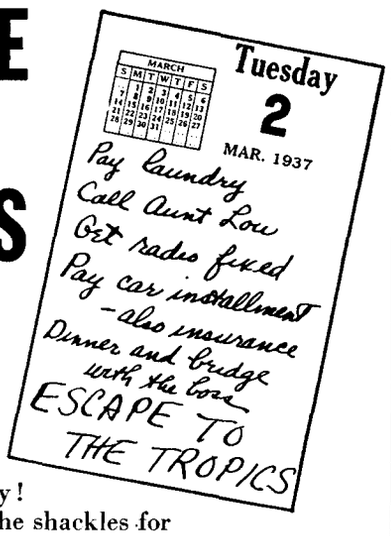

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CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TO its distinguished poetry list the Viking Press has now added a new book by young *Selden Rodman* ("Lawrence, The Last Crusade." $2.50). Mr. Rodman came to the fore at Yale as one of the founders of the iconoclastic *Harkness Hoot* and after leaving Yale he joined Alfred Bingham in founding *Common Sense,* a radical weekly affiliated with no party. A year after his graduation his first book came out, "Mortal Triumph and Other Poems."

The Lawrence poem is the fruit of some four months' work last summer and fall. Of all our modern heroes certainly T. E. Lawrence remains one of the most fascinating. Readers of the *Saturday Review,* and, indeed, of the public prints, will recall Mr. Canby's investigation of Lawrence's book "The Mint," left as a literary legacy to the world. Mr. Rodman has examined it, as he notes in the end of his poem in a brief discussion of the poem's "Authenticity and License." Naturally, he has also gone to "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," and he likewise acknowledges aid from Harold Nicolson's "Peacemaking," and from biographies of Robert Graves, Charles Edmonds, Vyvyan Richards, and Captain Liddell Hart. He is meticulous in citing just where he has drawn on these sources and just where he has allowably—as in the case of an apocryphal interview with Lawrence during the British General Strike of 1926—drawn on his own imagination in the light of his knowledge of Lawrence and his point of view. In Book I, when the Sinai archeological survey with Newcombe is described, Mr. Rodman consulted the report prepared by Lawrence and Leonard Woolley in 1914-15. The apocryphal interview with Kitchener of Khartoum is founded on a scrap of fact. Adamovitch was a real revolutionary (met by Lawrence, for the purpose of the poem, at Port Said), who was arrested in Kitchener's last year in Egypt; but Kaled is an imagined revolutionary. This "dramatic-narrative poem," as it is subtitled, is divided into three books, "The Lamp," "The Sword," and "The Wheel."

In the first book a few traces of Browning's style in narrative blank verse have not quite been erased:

"Back where I began,
And what's to show for it? Method without aim
Hardens to learning. . . . I have learned enough
To shock a Rabbi—even knock a thought
Into a Turk's head: Traveling up and down
This crooked land, studying siegecraft, mines,
Flank fire, tension and torsion, counterpoise,
Machicolated walls, the rapid march,
Combustible nitre, pitch, petroleum
Mixed to destroy a Saracen fleet; the might
Of infinite speed, however small the force—"

The debt here must be obvious, but quite as obviously, of all our modern men, the complicated soul of T. E. Lawrence might easily most have fascinated Browning. Necessarily Mr. Rodman's account is under severe pressures. He must condense a great deal. Occasionally (see above) he introduces interior rhyme, or end-rhyme.

Though the author's own sympathy is with Kaled—

that peace
Cannot be won by empire, even by race,
But only through the international might
Of workmen's unity

he keeps the complicated Lawrence clear of this so-simple solution. And I am wondering why Lawrence's soliloquy at the close of Book I with its dramatic ending

"Brothers . . . Kaled . . . I come . . ."

leaves me comparatively unimpressed. It is, I am sure, the language; even though it be only the language of thought. It does not seem to be the language of Lawrence. We must, however, permit a poet some scope in his re-creation. To refer again to Browning, the fact that his men and women talked in Browning's own poetic manner is nothing much against them.

Lawrence's life fell into three distinct periods, that of his early archeological work, the life of action known to us through "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," and his later phase as aircraftsman Shaw. All of these Mr. Rodman does justice to, and the betrayal of Lawrence's promise to the Arabs, in the hall of Versailles, emerges starkly—the thing that changed his future and made him the strange ascetic-mechanic he became. The invented conversation with General Balbo at the Schneider Cup Trials of 1929 is most interesting expansion of the actual incident of their meeting. The description of Lawrence's end, the thought-monologue in the last section of the last book, is exciting writing, though I am not quite satisfied with its termination.

In general, it may be said that Mr. Rodman has here produced a poem of distinction, uneven as to its organization and grasp of the material, brilliant at times and prosy at others, but always animated by a burning sincerity and a desire to get back of the facts into the mind and soul of the actual man. Anyone interested in Lawrence—as everyone must be—can read this narrative as a worthy supplement to the accounts he has himself given us. He remains—quite simply—the man of greatest spiritual stature in modern England. Had his career continued as it began, he might have martyred himself for England in a fashion only her future would appreciate. He lives by another martyrdom, strangely self-imposed. I am glad an American poet has been moved to grasp not only the poet but the poem in the man.

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Art of the Night

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

FRANZ WERFEL'S "The Eternal Road" is a made-to-order job for the theatrical producing talents of Max Reinhardt, just as Tom Mix's old movie scenarios were made-to-order jobs for the acrobatic talents of Mr. Mix's pet horse. That it is of a very much more elevated stature and quality than the latter does not obscure the plain fact that it remains, nevertheless, a deliberately tailored affair and, as such, a dubious item. It is, of course, despite the conviction of the more dramatically pedantic and coincidentally less theatrically experienced critics, entirely possible, as the records attest, for a play to be written with a particular player or producer in mind and at the same time to prove itself an estimable work. But this doesn't seem to have been one of the occasions.

Werfel, it need not at this late hour be emphasized, is one of the most commendable of living poet-dramatists. But while it is within the range of critical belief that a dramatist may accept a commission to manufacture a play to order as a vehicle for some specific person's gifts and for the play in question to turn out a critically satisfactory and endorsable product, it is pretty hard in this modern day for criticism to believe that a poet can happily manage any such business. Werfel is patently one who cannot, which is doubtless to his credit. His play, for all its periodic traces of imagination and bits of moving literary music, is essentially a super-Sears-Roebuck catalogue of Old Testament goods, with an elaborate index of Reinhardt mobs, Bel Geddes scenic devices, and Westinghouse Electrical Company dinguses. It represents the aloof and distinguished poet-dramatist that Werfel hitherto has been hanging around the Schloss Leopoldskron in Salzburg waiting for Host Reinhardt to finish lunch and talk over that first act moment when Max thinks it would be a smashing idea to introduce two hundred angels being lifted into the flies by elevators or that second act spot wherein he visualizes the *kolossal* punch of three hundred passionate supers rolling down the steps leading from Heaven to the accompaniment of a ten thousand dollar thunder storm and some Kurt Weill music.

Werfel is the kind of writer who cannot wait for lunch—at least not for someone else's lunch—and his play manuscript (which you may read in book form or see in action on the Manhattan Opera House stage) shows it. Essaying to interpret the story of the plight of modern Jews by throwing against a background a series of Old Testament parallels, he clearly betrays a corrupting concern with the production suggestions and stage externals that were made to his extra-poetic and extra-dramatic ear. If he were a writer of Letters to the Editor, I have no doubt that he would say that all these producing suggestions and projected stage ideas met with his full and sympathetic approval. But whether they met with his approval or not isn't the point. The point

(*Continued on page* 19)

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Born near Kipling's home in Brattleboro, the author has gleaned his material from those who were the neighbors and friends of Kipling during the four years, 1892-96, that he lived in Vermont, where his first child was born, and where he wrote "The Jungle Books."

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The New Books

Fiction

THE UPPS OF SUFFOLK STREET. By Wilma Pollock. Dutton. 1937. $2.50.

"The characters from my book," writes Miss Pollock, "—its background and types, are the result of my having lived and worked among these tenement district people." One must conclude that it is possible to live among "these tenement district people"—the East Side Jews—and learn next to nothing about them. Miss Pollock discovered only that they are quaint little people who speak an atrocious dialect, and made a book of it. Unfortunately even that failed her. Either she has no ear for dialect, or she roomed with a family of radio comics, for her pages are heavily stocked with such obvious horrors as these: "Me making interruptionks! I only make suggentionks." "It potsitively melts in your mouth before you can bite into it the teeths." "Telephome to me so you should make a impointment vhen ve can expect you already." The comments of some Suffolk Streeter upon this kind of distortion might be genuinely amusing.

N. L. R.

A FEATHER IN HER CAP. By Barbara Worsley-Gough. Putnam. 1937. $2.

This very British bit of confectionery tells of six Bright Young People who start out from England for Salzburg and its music festival. Four of them motor across France and a corner of Germany in leisurely fashion, but one couple goes in advance by train. These two are unmarried, and though in reality platonically disinterested, inevitably cause something of a flutter in the small Austrian pension where they settle down to await the other members of the party. The proprietress credits Helen and Michael with a beautiful romance, the other British tourists are duly shocked, and eventually the emotional *status quo* of the pair is also upset. Various permutations and combinations ensue when their friends arrive, after which Helen finds herself with a fiancé, and Michael with pleasant if less definite prospects for the future. Miss Worsley-Gough carries all this through with high spirits if no great subtlety, and her book as a whole is an innocuous picture postcard of Salzburg in the festival season. Properly, all mention of music is kept strictly in the background.

T. P., Jr.

Miscellaneous

NEW CASTLE ON THE DELAWARE: 1651-1936. Compiled by the Delaware Federal Writers' Project, W.P.A. New Castle Historical Society. 1937.

This guide book of the lovely old colonial town of New Castle, in spite of bad typography, is a good historical survey with excellent pictures and a really extraordinary amount of information which goes far beyond the usual perfunctory rehash. It has a bibliography and is a book which historical librarians should own.

H. S. C.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO A PSYCHIATRIST. By Elizabeth Adamson, M.D. Crowell. 1936. $2.50.

This book is one the medical profession as well as the layman have long been awaiting—a straightforward account of that newest of medical specialties, psychiatry. It is written in plain, simple language, understandable by any intelligent person. It is difficult to write about it except in superlatives and impossible to review it adequately within the limits here imposed.

In the preface the author stresses the point that the nervous and behavior disorders of children are usually a symptom of the emotional deviations of their par-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NIGHT OF THE GARTER MURDER *Royce Howes* (Crime Club: $2.)	Shooting of scheming aviator at lids'-off house-party calls in Capt. Ben Lucias who, somewhat reluctantly, spots killer.	Although the bright dialogue and lively characterizations sometimes push plot out in cold, it's a tricksy and pungent bit.	Pleasant
1-2-3 MURDERS *Francis Gerard* (Holt: $2.)	Murdering master-criminal tracked to luxurious lair by "lank John Meredith" but personal vengeance forestalls processes of law.	Engaging treatment of not unfamiliar theme with sudden deaths, masked criminals, cryptic letters, and sentiment on the side.	Good entertainment
SWEETER THAN HONEY *Arthur Applin* (Green Circle: $2.)	Tony Howard, Yankee newshawk in England, falls in love with apiarist's daughter—and gets her, also her papa's murderer.	Robbery, murder, bees, missing jewels, young lovers at cross-purposes, and some atrocious American slang as imagined in England.	Indifferent

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ents and that they, the parents, must first recognize and deal with their own problems. The importance of a normal love relationship in the family triangle is emphasized and the author illustrates by four well chosen case histories how distortions of this relationship produce character deviations in the child in after life.

Following chapters deal with the modern theory of psychic force—the dynamic conception of mental processes—in a discussion of the *Id*, the *Super-Ego*, and the *Ego*, showing how conflicts between these forces produce mental and physical symptoms and character changes. The Freudian theory of infantile sexuality has perhaps caused more acrimonious discussion and more indignation than any other assumption of modern psychology. The intelligent and open-minded reader should find in "The Baby's Five Year Program" most of his prejudices and taboos removed by the author's frank and understanding presentation of the subject. Adolescent and adult sexual problems are discussed in the same objective manner.

The chapter on "Dangerous Children" takes up the subject of delinquent and criminal personalities. The author shows how essential it is that the attitude of society should be modified in regard to these matters. The technique of psychotherapy, the problems of normal emotional development, and the meaning of emotional health are discussed particularly from the point of view of the layman.

The author deserves the thanks of doctors and laymen alike and the book merits a wide reading public.

H. A. S.

Art of the Night

(*Continued from page* 17)

is that a true poet like Werfel cannot be guided by other men's fancies, whether fragrant or not, and still retain his poetic honesty, integrity, and imaginative honor. His play, accordingly, is half Werfel and half Reinhardt, with Norman Bel Geddes adding up the total.

There is another point. "The Eternal Road" was arbitrarily designed as a stage spectacle and you cannot have poets arbitrarily planning stage spectacles, at least not Reinhardt stage spectacles which in turn arbitrarily plan upon employing hundreds of actors, enough scenic adornment to confound the Grand Canyon, lighting equipment sufficient to illuminate the whole Innsbruck valley, and all the available funds of the directors of the town's largest Jewish department stores, trust companies, and anti-Nazi collection agencies. A poet's true work may be converted into a stage spectacle that would frighten the future ambitions out of even a Billy Rose and it may, God with it, remain still a poet's true work. But a poet may no more deliberately think in terms of a half million dollars' worth of scenery, mobs, choirs, platinum blonde cherubim, and Russian ballet dancers and be faithful to his inner muse than he may, be he the greatest poet in all Christendom, sit down at his writing table under the starlit sky with a fat contract for Hollywood in his rear pants-pocket and not be in some way influenced out of his artistic probity.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC FANS

THE RETURNS in the *Double-Crostic* plebiscite* are flooding into the office. Have you sent in your own vote for or against letters in the squares? Remember—the ballot closes March 4th. *Double-Crostic* Editor, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

** See February 13th issue, page 27.*

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

PRESUMABLY the boys of the Oxford University Press (American Branch) listened to the Oxford broadcast last Saturday. Did they notice that mispronunciations were 50-50? The American announcer called it *Magdalen* (instead of *Maudlen*)—and the English ditto said *Tex-ass.* ☞Re university presses, Columbia University had an inquiry how pronto could they get a copy of the *Columbia Encyclopedia* to Manila. It would cost $240 air mail via China Clipper—plus, as old C. U. P. insinuatingly adds, $17.50 for the book itself.

☞The obsolescence of the elderly is always a lively topic: hasn't this Supreme Court question reminded anyone of the tohu-bohu when Dr. Osler, some 30 years ago, suggested chloroform at sixty? ☞You may have forgotten that he took this suggestion (which was only humorously intended) from Trollope's novel *The Fixed Period.* ☞Wish someone would read that book and tell us about it. ☞To our inquiry what is the Trade reading, a bookseller in Newton Centre, Mass., reports, "We read advance copies sent us by kindly publishers; best sellers; and on Saturday nights, detective stories. We also read to keep from going insane; every other book is about the rule. This week I have sandwiched in *Elsie Venner,* a little Emerson, *Hydriotaphia,* and *Just So Stories.*"

☞The Cook-Book Browns are compiling a Book of 10,000 Snacks, of which one of the pleasantest is surely Frank Scully's *Crumbs in Bed.* He describes it as a Fun in Bed Breakfast:—

"Two or three slices of toast done to a nice golden color and buttered. Shake salt over them, and pour a teaspoonful of honey over each slice. Then over this ensemble, just a second before it's to be eaten, is poured a pint of hot milk.

"It takes five minutes to make and has been known to cure fallen arches overnight. I call it Crumbs in Bed because it's the only way to eat toast and not have any."

☞W. W. Norton sends us a little poem from *Punch* (he doesn't mention the author's name) of which we reprint the finale—

The day is dead;
I have not read;
Most empty is my head;
Guests unsolicited
Came here instead.
I went uncomforted,
Yet—tears, remain unshed—
I'll read in bed!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 152)

DANTE ALIGHIERI—
"DIVINE COMEDY"

O ye who in your little boat, eager to hear, have followed behind my ship as it goes singing on its way, turn back to see again your own shores; do not put out upon the mighty deep lest, losing me, ye might be left astray.

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The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

The Frogs

ARISTOPHANES: THE FROGS. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1937.

THE current offering of the Club is a slim folio, set up in a late eighteenth century type which may be tasteless, as Mr. Updike says, but which does have some correspondence with the nervousness of our time. The printing is by the old Dutch firm of Enschede of Haarlem.

The present edition has been translated by William J. Hickie, and it has an introduction by Gilbert Seldes: but what will most attract the eye is the series of woodcuts by John Austen. I had something to do with this feature of the book (as a member of the jury which selected them for a prize award), and on sober second view, I am glad I did. It seems to me that there is something of the elemental banana-peel humor in these wood blocks which links them definitely with the Greeks.

California Literary Pamphlets

The Book Club of California has completed its program of publications for 1936 by issuing the sixth bi-monthly literary pamphlet. The series included W. C. Morrow's "Over an Absinthe Bottle," Nora French's "Poems," Ambrose Bierce's "Prattle," Emma Dawson's "An Itinerant House," John Muir's "Afoot to Yosemite," and Bret Harte's "A Night at Wingdam." As is usual with the yearly publications, various California printers have done the work, the only uniformity being that of size.

These serial publications of the Club reflect the surprising amount of material available, after a good deal of garnering by the Coast printers, and they are typical examples of the interesting styles of printing developed by those men. Matter and manner are both agreeable, and sometimes much more than that.

Time

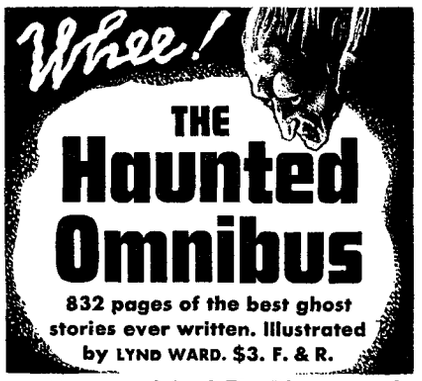
THE ROMANCE OF THE CALENDAR. By P. W. Wilson. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1937. $3.

A friend gently gibed me the other day by saying "You like odd books, don't you?" Well, why not? It is interesting to roam over the broad field of book publishing and observe the rather numerous small flowers of learning and research which are non-assertive and easily passed by. I am delighted when I come on one of these; and such a one is Mr. Wilson's entertaining book on the Calendar. If you are irritated by the inability of the human race to decide whether to set *all* clocks ahead an hour at a given moment it is comforting to know that the history of England was affected by a decision about the time of Easter. And if the ecclesiastical terms bother you, it is also comforting to think of the intricacies of the Egyptian or Mayan calendars. Altogether there are a thousand and one items of information (none of it necessary if you have an electric clock!) but fascinating, nevertheless. It is a grand book to pick up at moments—and fully as good as a detective story.

Notes

One of the biggest books published in recent times is gotten out by the New York World's Fair management to promote that enterprise. It is a large elephant folio, lavishly decorated and illustrated in color, with an enormous center-spread map. The book is not very coherently managed as to arrangement and display, but it shouts out loud, and as a barker for the Fair it should attract attention.

An engaging souvenir of the New Year is "Richard Austin, Engraver to the Printing Trade," printed in a very limited edition by the Printer to Cambridge University. Many reproductions of Austin's work are given, and reference made to his type designs for John Bell and others.



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Double-Crostics: No. 153

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

									1-C	2-N	3-H	4-L		5-D	6-F	7-M	8-K
	9-Q	10-U	11-O	12-S	13-V	14-T	15-X	16-I	17-D		18-A	19-L		20-S	21-T	22-Q	23-V
24-G	25-K	26-O	27-U	28-R		29-A	30-M	31-F	32-E		33-C	34-G	35-F		36-B	37-E	
38-A	39-D	40-K		41-O	42-B	43-P	44-W	45-X		46-Q	47-U	48-K	49-H	50-S	51-P		52-A
53-H	54-F		55-Q	56-U	57-J		58-X	59-U	60-C	61-K	62-I	63-O	64-T	65-N	66-V	67-W	68-M
	69-A	70-F	71-C		72-K	73-W	74-L		75-G	76-A	77-M	78-H	79-X	80-M	81-W	82-U	83-B
	84-M	85-J	86-G		87-L	88-C		89-A	90-I	91-W	92-X	93-H	94-P		95-L	96-H	
97-F	98-G	99-O	100-Q	101-K		102-M	103-C	104-B	105-O		106-S	107-W	108-K	109-J	110-X	111-D	112-U
113-R	114-L	115-C		116-H	117-I	118-O	119-N	120-M	121-P	122-R	123-K	124-J	125-B	126-Q		127-D	128-K
129-L		130-T	131-C	132-H	133-V	134-W	135-G		136-B	137-E		138-R	139-G	140-N	141-A		142-F
143-L	144-E		145-W	146-Q	147-O	148-C		149-I	150-W	151-C	152-O	153-G	154-D	155-B	156-T	157-E	158-R
159-U		160-M	161-C	162-S	163-Q	164-W	165-N	166-U	167-O		168-W	169-D		170-X	171-D	172-M	
173-F		174-B	175-D	176-L	177-J		178-T	179-O	180-K	181-R	182-P	183-S	184-U	185-B	186-D	187-W	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. An unexpected legacy.

B. Queen who fought at Salamis.

C. Dejected.

D. Trifling.

E. The dye in red ink.

F. Specter.

G. Of very small value.

H. Fable.

I. Becomes exhausted.

J. A Dickens hero (first name).

K. Period in English history (1660-1702).

L. Author of "The Tower of London" (1805-'82).

M. Subject of tragedy by Aeschylus.

N. Character in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

O. Relentless.

P. Boat crew.

Q. Disconcerted.

R. Contaminate.

S. Slow (mus.).

T. Scholastic dissertation.

U. External investment or coating.

V. A midwestern State.

W. System of names.

X. Part of the U. S. S. R.

WORDS

29 18 38 141 52 69 76 89

155 104 136 125 174 185 83 36 42

115 33 1 88 60 151 161 131 148 103 71

127 5 111 169 186 39 154 175 171 17

144 137 37 157 32

54 35 97 31 70 173 6 142

75 139 24 98 135 153 34 86

78 116 96 93 53 132 49 3

16 90 117 62 149

177 109 57 124 85

180 101 8 40 128 61 108 123 25 48 72

114 87 4 19 74 129 176 95 143

160 120 84 102 7 172 30 77 80 68

119 65 140 165 2

179 41 152 118 11 167 105 99 26 63 147

94 121 43 51 182

9 146 55 22 100 126 46 163

181 158 138 122 113 28

183 20 106 50 12 162

156 130 21 14 178 64

112 47 184 82 159 10 59 56 27 166

13 133 23 66

67 168 145 73 187 107 134 91 150 164 81 44

79 58 92 110 45 15 170

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